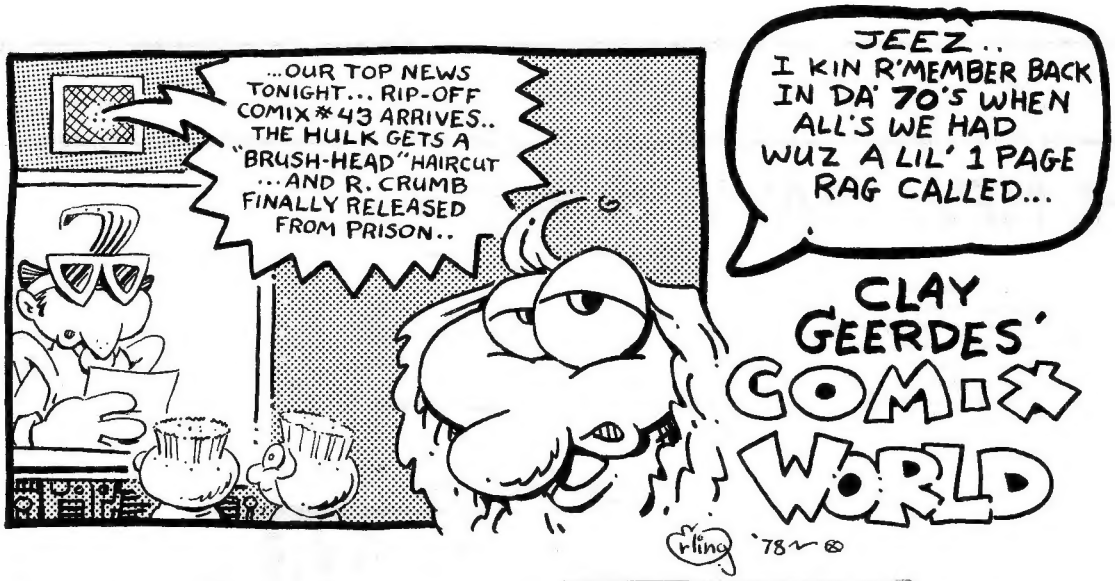

...OUR TOP NEWS TONIGHT... RIP-OFF COMIX #43 ARRIVES.. THE HULK GETS A "BRUSH-HEAD" HAIRCUT ...AND R. CRUMB FINALLY RELEASED FROM PRISON..
JEEZ.. I KIN R'MEMBER BACK IN DA' 70'S WHEN ALL'S WE HAD WUZ A LIL' 1 PAGE RAG CALLED...
CLAY GEERDES' COMIX WORLD
Rling '78

COMIX WORLD. Copyright Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. June 15, 1978. Logo by George Erling. Subs: $5.50 for 24. Issues 1-49 are $13 pp; 50-90 are $5 pp.* A hot June afternoon in San Francisco. Simon Lowinsky's Art Gallery is on the sixth floor of a building on Grant Street in a posh neighborhood where the wealthy shop and shoot the breeze. Until July 15, three of the white walls of the gallery are covered with artwork by Gilbert Shelton and David Sheridan, most of it already sold at prices that run from $150 to $450 a page. The Grass Roots title page, e.g., sold for $450. Drinking wine and beer at the artists' reception on June 6 were the likes of Shelton, Sheridan, Spain, Lee Marrs, Lora Fountain, Becky Wilson, R. Diggs, Larry Rippee, Fred Todd, Don Baumgart, Kelly Mouse, Terry and Ted Richards, Larry Gonick, and a lot of lovely ladies whose names I was too loaded to get. Fred Todd told me that Rip Off Press, not High Times, would publish the new 64-page color Freak Brothers book and it is at the printer right now. Joel Beck said he may be doing a strip for the Rip Off Syndicate. Spain affirmed that ZAP 9 is nearly together. After a good party, the guys from Rip Off Press took off. Tomorrow they go by bus down to Texas, which is home to most of them. I went along with Joel and another friend to Sam Wo's for some Chinese food and wound up eating some vanilla ice cream at the bar in Brennan's in Berkeley.* So you won't think Robert Crumb's tax problems are new, I reprinted this clip on Fontaine Fox from 1938. If you're just starting out in this art game, keep records and pay your taxes from the start. If you're freelancing, just about everything you buy or use is a legitimate deduction, so keep receipts and itemize. If you have a loss, file it. The next year you may need that loss to balance out. If you are not good at this kind of thing, go to H. R. Block or a good tax accountant.* In Paris, Guy Colwell's eight-pager Interkids is at the publisher's. Colwell was taken ill suddenly and will return to the U. S. in August.* A friend sent me a copy of George Bain's new book on Celtic Art: The Methods of Construction (Dover. $4), certainly a reference work many of you will want to have in your art libraries.* Jim Siergey writes that he'll have a story in Animal Bite.* Bred Foster's latest is Fever Pitch, a black and white comic about ladies in conflict. $1.35 from him at 1020 E. 45th St, #257, Austin, TX 78751.

TAXATION

Foxy Reynard

Creator of such familiar personalities as The Toonerville Skipper, The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang, Aunt Eppie Hogg, The Powerful Katrinka, and Mickey

TIME APRIL 11, 1938. *Associated Press*

CARTOONIST FONTAINE FOX

The Board of Tax Appeals ran him to earth.

(Himself) McGuire is a mild-mannered little newspaper cartoonist named Fontaine Fox. Last week the U. S. Board of Tax Appeals handed down a decision on a less familiar but equally profitable creation of Cartoonist Fox known as Reynard Corp.

In 1924 Mr. Fox formed Reynard Corp., with himself as president, his brother Barton and his lawyer, C. E. Kelley, as fellow directors, and $60,000 of his own cash and bonds as capital. President Fox thereupon contracted to sell Reynard Corp. his services as a cartoonist for $30,000 a year. Reynard Corp. in turn contracted with the Bell Syndicate to sell the Fox drawings for $1,500 a week, later raised to $2,000. With its profits Reynard Corp. built President Fox a house and studio at Roslyn, L. I., paid his life-insurance premiums. When suspicious Internal Revenue agents learned that Reynard Corp.'s only dividend was $20,000 given to President Fox to invest in Florida real estate, they began an investigation which landed Mr. Fox in the Board of Tax Appeals office in New York. Finding that Reynard Corp. had been formed to accumulate earnings instead of distributing them, and was thus liable under a 1918 statute to an additional tax of 50% of its net income, the Board ruled that for 1932, the year in question, Reynard Corp. should have paid $26,064.02 instead of $4,688.04, ordered Reynard Corp. to produce the difference forthwith. Commented Judge Sam B. Hill of the Board of Tax Appeals: "Mr. Fox looks a little foxy himself."

Animated Don Quixote Planned In 52 Sets At A Cost Of $5-Million

Cannes, May 2.

An ambitious 52-seg half-hour animated series based on the adventures of Don Quixote is being prepped by a new Madrid-based tandem, animator Cruz Delgado and merchandising exec Jose Romagosa, who started work on the project last December. Both were flogging a pilot at MIP and reportedly generated considerable interest.

If required financing is forthcoming, estimated by Delgado to be around $5,000,000, the series would be completed in about two years' time. The Spaniards expect to have 18 of the segs ready for next year's MIP.

Enlisted so far are some of Spain's top thesps for the narration. These include Fernando Fernan Gomez as the Don, and Antonio Ferrandis as Sancho: music is by Antonio Areta, sung by Lorenzo Valverde with the Spanish RTVE Orchestra; academician Guillermo Diaz-Plaja acts as technical consultant and Gustavo Alcalde as script adapter.

Delgado added that chances are Spanish Television will come in on the project with financing. Animator formerly worked with Antonio De Font in a banner called Delfont Enterprises, which produced the feature "Magic Adventure" but was dissolved after the pic was completed about two years ago.

CRUMBS: Article in the 17th ish of BEST OF SCREW by Clark Peterson and one by Stephen Hall in the Chronicle, June 8, 1978, p. 21. A lot about RC's battle with the I.R.S. "...the lure of a tax deduction prompted him to marry his five-year partner in cartooning and domestics, Alina Kominsky, last January. 'We didn't get married for romantic reasons, grim as that sounds,' he jokes in his nasal monotone." Further tax ironies: A lot of those people bitching and moaning in the post office lines are the same winners who voted the big tax cut that's going to cost them all kinds of public services from police protection to bus service.* You like black and white hard-core sex? WHITE WHORE FUNNIES #2 is the one. GAY HEARTHROBS 2 on the way from Fulhorne Productions.* CORPORATE CRIME 2 in the works.* CAPT RETRO 2 you get for 2 15¢ stamps from Doug Bryson, 4713 Harcourt, El Paso, TX 79924.* RAINBOW FUNNIES 1, a New Wave four-pager with art by Gary Whitney and Pat Bednar, goes for 25¢ and a stamp from Third Coast, P. O. Box 806, Williams Bay, WI 53191.* THE LORD OF THE RINGS is set for Thanksgiving release. Nice brochure, but the question I'd like answered is why none of that artwork has the artists' names on it. Are we in for another WIZARDS?* Look for Jerry Tomaslewicz' UP FRONT COMIX at the San Diego and Bay cons. Gory cover by Dave Geiser.* I'll be at the San Diego Con staying in the El Cortez Motel. Will have photos with me. July 28-9.* IMAGINE 2 now on sale. C.G.

STAR REACH SUPPORTS COMIX WORLD

AFTER THE NEW WAVE PART II

By T. Ward

PROTOPUNK, II :
JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

"I was twenty. I will let no one say it is the best time of life."

— Paul Nizan, *Aden, Arabie*

While New Wave ideas and motifs derive from Dada, the stock metaphors and the visual imagery (leather, surly lips, butch grooming) are but a staged re-enactment, in camp grotesque, of juvenile delinquent ("j.d.", "greaser", "bop") phenomena commonly associated with the 1950's. And of course, the names, meant to terrorize: Daggers, Stranglers, Scorpions, Ratz, Villains, Avengers, Stompers, Snakes, Stonekillers, Dictators — names of New York 50's street gangs, camouflaged here amid names of current punk bands.

If, in our world of images gone mad, it were possible to cleanly disentangle Reality from Representation, and if the prime criterion was the degree of nuisance to established authority, then certainly real-life j.d.'s merit more respect than the present impostors. After all, j.d.'s take real risks, defend "turf", and are subject to criminal prosecution for *their* gestures of defiance. To stage these same moves behind the protective barrier of the proscenium arch, where nothing has legal consequences anyway, should hardly be dignified on the level with an honest theft, rumble, or vandalism spree. Anyone who has ever been on the receiving end of j.d. violence may, of course, be quite relieved to learn just how harmless, how tightly quarantined, the latest epidemic of nihilism has been. All depends on point of view. Here politics enters: reactionaries have always responded to j.d.'s with police power; liberals and the orthodox Left see a social welfare problem (don't they always?); certain others don't want to "keep the kids off the streets" so much as to help them choose their targets more carefully...

By police estimates, actual j.d. activity has continued to increase since the 50's; yet it no longer predominates, as then, in the reformer's concern and the journalist's fascination. Only in the Hollywood symbol-factories have j.d.'s sustained an intermittent popularity and interest. There, typically we see one of two versions: "Happy Days" or "Clockwork Orange", used here as generic terms. In the first, a nostalgic haze of cutesiness glosses over the more hideous aspects of adolescent *machismo* problems, while socio-ecomomic conditions are made to appear mild. (I am reminded of what someone said of the Disney aesthetic: "Beauty is cute, and cute beauty/ That is all you will ever be permitted to know.") In the latter version, we get a simple update of the Christian conservative nightmare of Hobbes, deMaistre, Conrad, or Golding's *Lord of the Flies*; we observe thoroughly affectless and brutalized young savages, their monster libidos riding roughshod over the enfeebled constraints of an emasculated, too permissive society. Only rarely, as in certain Martin Scorsese films, has j.d. life been depicted in its actual ambiguity and tension, its explosive mixture of conformism and revolt.

If history repeats itself, "second time as farce," then the New Wave is a bad remake of an old j.d. movie, done in drag; it is riddled with bizarre contradictions, quite other than the ones it contrives to create. In the Chicago working-class neighborhood where I grew up, your average j.d. was a repressed, rather dull-witted, heterosexual boy; less wholesome than the jocks, perhaps, but no more tolerant of other modes of deviancy, like that of the homosexual or the beatnik. In fact, the greasers I knew, with their pet pastime of "rolling queers", would have a field day stomping the sissies and weirdos who hang out at places like the Mabuhay Gardens. Many badassed boyhood chums went on to join the police force, and one became a Marine who collected shrunken heads of the Vietcong he'd wasted. Across town, in Marquette Park, where my cousins lived, George Rockwell recruited American Nazi brownshirts from among the likes of these, who then did battle with civil rights demonstrators. (Britain's politicized punk band, the Clash, has a song, "White Riot"; I trust they don't have Marquette Park in mind.)

None of this has ever stopped the intelligentsia from reading a great deal more into j.d. rebellion than was actually there. Sartre even detected a pure, existential Refusal of the "dominant values". On what basis? In the 50's, when j.d.'s were all the rage (sic!), they and their intellectual counterparts, the Beats, were the only visible disturbance of the social peace, renegades from the lockstep treadmill of Mills' "cheerful robots:" work/commute/shop/T.V./work...

But even then, how earnest were these rebels? With *Blackboard Jungle, The Wild One*, and James Dean, there was already too much material for the life-imitates-art game. Closer inspection of the j.d. role (cf. Dos Passos on Dean in Mid-century) revealed elements of play-acting, of self-parody, of the *poseur*, even of the dandy. For example, any gang member could get clobbered in a gauntlet of baseball bats, or worse, if he committed the supreme disgrace: to "punk out"; i.e., to run from a rumble. (And now "punk out" has a positive connotation?) Yet there were two unwritten, but implicitly agreed upon, exemptions from rumble duty: if the police arrived on the scene, or if the rains came (wouldn't want to ruin those fine new theads). Then, as now, the object was not so much to *be* ferocious as to create a context where one could *appear* that way in the eyes of one's peers.

PROTOPUNK, III: STREETFIGHTERS OF THE SIXTIES

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven!"
—Wordsworth, *The Prelude, Book XI*

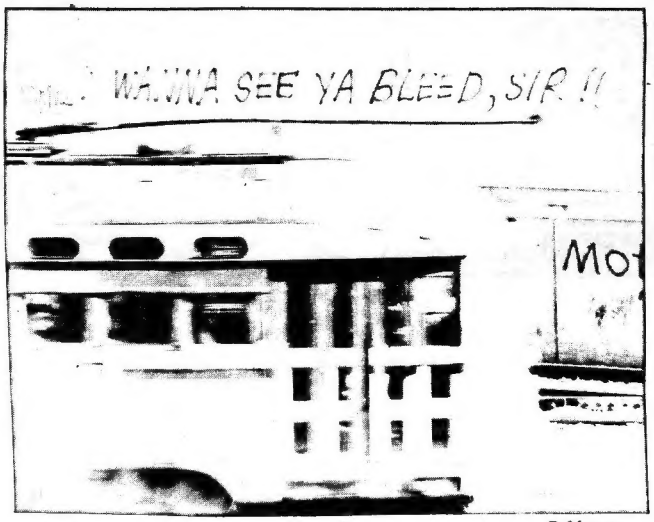
"The child I remain in comparison with all I should like to be has not quite unlearned the dualism of good and evil."
—Breton, *l'amour fou*

Despite its protopunk death-wish — "I hope I die before I get old" — punkers spit on the 60's song "My Generation" by The Who. "That was *their* generation", they sneer. From the New Wave vantage-point, the 60's were wimp: typified by the sappy pacifist humanism, Coca-Cola mysticism, and suspect good cheer of, say, the Grateful Dead crowd, the Marin County hip-eoisie, and the whole 1960's postcard. (cf. Thomas Mann decrying the "shallow optimism" of the left in the 1920's).

But this is a self-serving stance, one that conveniently disregards the radical rage expressed in the street battles of that confused decade.

"Until recently," Sartre wrote in 1960, "prodigal sons told their fathers to go to hell and went over to the Left, bag and baggage. The rebel became a militant, it was classic. But what if their fathers are of the Left? What are they to do them?"

In the 60's "they" formed a "new left" and a "youth culture," influenced by ideas and styles that were often directly contradictory in origin: Reich and Chairman Mao, deliquency and mysticism. From observation of the creators of Poeples' Park, one social psychologist suggested that the "counter-culture" was an odd, and always unstable, compound of three earlier subcultures: the black, the criminal, and the homosexual. Such dizzy, but vital, eclecticism resulted from a vague groping after some way of explaining the world, some guide to action, that would not succumb to the shameful fate of a discredited Marxian tradition. (And this was true not only for the "red diaper babies". Insofar as the modern Welfare State was born of the marriage between today's capitalism and yesterday's militant reformism, everyone shared the legacy of the thwarted revolution.)



P. Morgan

If there is any truth to the overplayed "generation gap" theme, it is this: when experience brings so little of wisdom, the elders can transmit nothing but their folly. The healthy continuity is broken. The young *prefer* historical amnesia, even if myopia and confusion result. And this generational rupture seems to sharpen with each new cycle.

So we blew it, in the 60's, as all but a few diehards will admit. The young turks have every right to mock our miserable failure; the old order is still very much with us and, for all the good it does them, it's as if we never existed. But they relinquish this "right" as soon as they repeat our mistakes.

The new left's greatest error — the one that caused all the others — was that *it always defined itself negatively*, knowing only what it opposed, what it didn't want. This led to the logic of the Jefferson Airplane: "everything they say we are, we are". But who do *you* say you are? This was also the logic of "the enemy of my enemy is my friend", leading to uncritical cheerleading for the Vietcong, the Black Panthers, and assorted totalitarians. This was a continued (uncorrected) tradition of romantic satanism, recalling Lautreamont, Huysmans, Baudelaire, those self-styled bad boys who acted out the Christian vision of sin (long before Jagger catered to the satanic majesty's request) only to convert back to Christianity in the end. This was the utter failure to posit anything beyond the dualism of Good and Evil, beyond the political antitheses of Market and State, etc. This was impasse — and we're still there.

MUSIC, ANTI-MUSIC, AND THE NEXT WAVE

Not all New Wave is punk anti-music. The more melodic style of Elvis Costello, the cabaret/vaudeville of the Tubes of Leila and the Snakes, the electronic music of Kraftwerk, and the ever shifting persona of David Bowie — all are New Wave, but none are exactly punk. In them, a much wider range of musical and emotional expression becomes possible. Since *any* one pose gets old after a while, this matter of range, or breadth, is, to my mind, the crux of the aesthetic problem. You don't compromise the "revolutionary aesthetic" by singing a lyrical love ballad or indulging in a flight of fancy. To discard aesthetic qualities such as subtlety, irony, understatement, proportion, and so forth, is just silly. Numerous musical forerunners of the New Wave — Zappa, The Fugs, Bonzo Dog, Randy Newman, Ray Davies, even Paul Simon — have managed to put across strong, even vicious, social criticism without abandoning such qualities.

But, some will now object, won't people in the audience go back to their jobs, with the separation between art and everyday life just as before? Yes, quite right, and they will *continue* to do so until a majoritarian political movement proves sufficiently strong and adept to change that situation. The very idea that a cultural "wave" could substitute itself for such mass activity is preposterous — it comes, I suspect, from too many press agents believing their own publicity.

If the 1980's are to be anything other than what Orwell dreaded, we face political and aesthetic challenges much steeper than most of us care to confront. We may hope for a resurgence of activism, cured of the afflictions of the past. We may hope for a subtler and more inclusive aesthetic, yet one that lacks nothing in integrity. Slogans and bandwagons will suffice for neither purpose. Hope won't do much, either. But to shrink before these challenges would be to "punk out" — in the older sense of the term.

end
FIN

I WILL BUY OR TRADE FOR OLD UNDERGROUD COMIX.
James Mauck
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Rockville, Mo 20850